

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 21, 1926

His Majesty William Smith

*By Russell Gordon Carter

CHAPTER I

WILLIAM SMITH looked at Mary Jones and yawned. Yawning, like measles, is dreadfully catching, and blue-eyed, golden-haired Mary, who tried to catch every little thing that was said, possibly keep a girl out of school, opened her mouth wide. She couldn't catch it. Then they both looked out of the window and yawned again. Rain was falling, and the day was gray and gloomy, especially gray and gloomy for Mary, who, two mornings before, had slipped and sprained her ankle, and as a result didn't get to school at all.

Inside the house the weather was even warmer than it was outside. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and William were calling on Dr. and Mrs. Jones, and there sat the two adults, the two mothers discussing the harmful effects of rain and sprained ankles on children, and the two men talking foreign politics.

"Just as I was saying," observed the doctor, "a situation like that couldn't happen anywhere but in the Balkans — where kings die and leaves no heir — kingdoms in a state of rebellion. Everybody is at war! Everything torn to pieces! Money is being wasted! An awful bungled-up situation!"

"I'd like to see some smart young fellow step in and take the reins," said Mr. Smith, as if the little Balkan kingdom were a team of mules. "Those cabinet ministers are a bad lot, but a mere lad like William here could handle them, if he had the sense and courage. What they need most is to be made to work, and to work hard!"

William and Mary yawned once more, and still the two mothers sat and discussed the weather and sprained ankles, and still the doctor, assisted by Mr. Smith, continued to diagnose and operate on the little kingdom on the Danube. Another hour passed, and then another, and the doctor and his assistant were still at it, and the two mothers had widened their

conversation to include kidnappers and the harmful effects of mince pie.

Finally Mrs. Smith guessed it was growing late. She and her husband rose, and after a few more remarks on the weather and sprained ankles and mince pie and the sick Balkan kingdom the Smith family took their leave.

William went to bed early that night. He was tired, especially his jaws. The last thing he thought of before he fell asleep was a strange little foreign country where everyone was at war with everyone else, where everything that was being done was being done wrong, where kings were being knocked down like ninepins, and hungry men and women in gay but ragged costumes were thronging in and out of palaces, shouting and waving their arms. William wasn't in the best state of mind for healthful sleep.

It is no wonder, then, that along toward midnight he should find himself sitting up in bed, with his eyes big and round and bright. He listened attentively. The wind was blowing a gale off the East River, and the rain was driving hard against the window panes. The flickering street lights enabled him to see dimly, but he could hear nothing except the wind and the rain.

He was about to lie down again, when, to his astonishment, he heard a loud tapping on one of the windows. The next instant a face appeared at the pane, the sash lifted, and a heavy-set old man in a strange uniform, dripping wet, stepped noiselessly into the room.

William ought to have been frightened; but after the numerous deeds of violence Dr. Jones and Mr. Smith had described that afternoon an old man in uniform entering a boy's bedroom at midnight seemed to him nothing at all. He watched the dripping soldier with interest and fascination.

The old man closed the window softly



"And when Gigi handed him the royal golden sword, William was sure he could perform great deeds with it."

and, facing the bed, threw back his long green military coat and bowed low. He had a big white beard and long white moustaches, and his eyes were small and bright and black.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "King of the ancient realm of Bungalia, greetings!"

"Greetings," replied William, not knowing what else to say. "Who—who are you?"

The white-bearded figure bowed again. "I am Gigi," he replied, "general of all the Bungalian armies. I am come from Bungalia on the Danube to conduct you to your rightful throne. I had a hard time finding you," he added; "there are so many Smiths in the city. Your Majesty is not afraid of the rain, I hope?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, no," said William; "I love it! When it rains hard there's no school."

Gigi nodded gravely. "I'm glad your Majesty likes to get wet, for we must start at once."

"At once?" repeated William. "Why must we go at once?"

"In the first place," replied the old general, "my wife, the countess, is waiting for me. In the second place, there is disorder in the kingdom. Your Majesty is needed at once to put it down. Shall I tell you how things are?"

"Yes, I think I ought to know," said William. "But first I'd like to know how you knew I was king. I didn't know it, myself, before I went to bed."

"Oh, that's easy," said Gigi. "Just before the late king—that is, your Uncle Runkle—died he told me in secret that he had a nephew in America. It was a surprise to me, for, like everybody else, I supposed he had no living relative. He described your Highness, told me you lived in New York City—and, well, here I am."

William wondered whether he was dreaming. Yet somehow it all sounded very reasonable to him. Certainly it was a great deal more reasonable than many of the things that he had heard his father and Dr. Jones ascribe to the people of the little Balkan kingdom. So he said, "Of course. Now please tell me how everything is."

"Well," Gigi began, "the main trouble is in the privy council. Of course you know I'm a soldier and therefore shouldn't talk politics; but I must tell you that Sapp, the Minister of the Interior, is the chief trouble-maker. He wants to be king. But the Chancellor wants to be king, too, and so does the Minister of State, and the Minister of War, and the Minister of the Exchequer. They can't all be king, can they?"

"Not of the same country and at the same time," replied William shrewdly.

"Of course not," said Gigi. "And so they're fighting, and the peasants are

Tuning In

BY MARJORIE DILLON

The frogs are busy tuning up their saxophones and horn;

The greedy crows are cawing as they peek around for corn.

We've got a pair of wrenters in the bird-house Sonny made;

(Their notes are satisfactory, and their rent already paid.)

The willow's full of pussies, and we found some 'nemonies;

The rambler on the porch is sprouting lively as you please.

The meadow larks are piping clear, and who could help but sing

When everything 'most everywhere is out to broadcast spring?

fighting. Everybody's fighting except the soldiers."

"That seems odd," observed William.

"No, it's quite natural," replied Gigi. "They won't fight because they haven't any uniforms or guns."

"I see," said William; "it's a—it's a bungled-up mess."

"It is!" declared Gigi. "Sapp is incompetent. The Chancellor's incompetent. Everybody's incompetent. The people need your Majesty if they are to have peace."

"Very well," said William. "We start at once!"

"One moment," said the general, drawing a bundle from beneath his coat. "I foresaw that your Majesty would need a uniform, and I have brought one."

He opened the package, and at sight of the red and gold coat with its ermine trimmings William's eyes flashed with delight. He sprang out of bed.

In five minutes he was dressed. The coat fitted him to perfection. The red and gold trousers were just right. The high, polished black boots were light and comfortable, and the big red and gold hat with its huge purple pompon made him feel a foot taller. And when Gigi handed him the royal golden sword William was sure that he could perform great deeds with it—as in fact he should probably have to if he were to bring peace to the little kingdom across the sea.

"Your Highness is ready?"

"Ready, General," replied William.

With a fatherly gesture Gigi drew a long cloak about the shoulders of the young king, opened the window and helped him to descend the long ladder by which he had ascended. In a few moments they were on their way in the rain and darkness down toward the black waterfront, where the general said the finest battleship in the Bungalian navy was awaiting them.

William felt no regret at leaving home

thus uncereemoniously; it was his duty to go, his duty to restore peace.

In half an hour they reached the wharfe where a powerful dreadnaught, sinist in the half light, was lying. Gigi drew a small whistle from his pocket and blew three blasts, and immediately a small boat manned by eight very foreign-looking sailors put ashore. William stepped aboard. The general followed. The sailors beat their backs, and in two minutes they were all at the battleship.

Officers and men stood at attention before the young king and his general climbing up the ladder. The captain, hat in hand, met them and, after bowing low three times, conducted them to a cabin among the ships. William entered with head high. Gigi followed.

Then the great ship began to throb and tremble. William ran to a porthole and peered forth; the lights in the harbor were moving swiftly to the rear.

THE young king of Bungalia and grandfatherly general spent a lightful week on board the Bungalian dreadnaught. The feeling that the whole affair was a dream had passed, and William was sure that he had left home a long time and was bound for high adventure. Then early one morning the great iron-clad dreadnaught steamed slowly up a wide blue river and dropped anchor.

"Well, here we are," said Gigi. "Nice to get home."

"So this is Bungalia!" observed William.

He gazed off at the city on the river bank. The red roofs of the houses shone like hot embers through the morning mist. Here and there rose the spires of several churches, and in the background gleamed the points and pinnacles of battlements of old castles. It all seemed very foreign.

"That's Strifegrad, the capital city," said Gigi.

"It seems a very good name for the capital of a country in which there is so much strife," replied William. "What that great big building off there among the trees?"

"Oh, that's the Royal Palace."

"I'm anxious to see it," said William.

"We'll start in a few minutes," replied Gigi; "just as soon as you've put on your disguise. I have it right here. You dress as a peasant." Gigi seemed to have assumed the role of dictator.

William didn't much like the idea of taking off that beautiful red and gold uniform, but when the old general pointed out to him that in such fine clothes he might not be safe in the streets, he yielded. Kings cannot always do as they wish. In five minutes he was a peasant in ragged clothes, and in five more he

(Continued on page 151)



Spring's Heralds

BY DAISY M. MOORE

Spring sends forth her heralds bright
In the gladdest frocks bedight;
Hark ye, hear these heralds gay —
They are coming down your way.

With her golden trumpet lifted
Dinah Daffodil, the gifted,
Sounds a message sweet and clear,
"Hark ye, children, spring is here!"

Hester Hyacinth, in glee,
Swings her bells right merrily;
Silvery choruses they ring,
"Hear ye, children, greet the spring!"

Lifting high her dainty cup,
Celie Crocus whispers up,
"Ho, good folks, a taste of spring
In my shining cup I bring!"

Spring sends forth her heralds bright
In the gladdest frocks bedight;
Hark ye, hear these heralds gay —
They are coming down your way!

How the Brown Leaf Helped

BY BEATRICE M. PARKER

THE little brown leaf lay quiet in the edge of the woods. Winter had gone, the snows had melted and the warm sun dried the ground here and there. The earliest flowers were commencing to lift their heads and the children once more came to the woods to frolic and play as they welcomed the return of spring.

From the west came the gentle wind, tossing the leaves hither and yon, and finally, as it gained strength, lifting them into the air and swirling them about, as if to add to Nature's welcome of spring.

The little brown leaf felt itself lifted up, higher and higher into the air as the West Wind carried it along, and how good it was to be so high and look down upon the fields turning green with the new grass, and to see the boys and girls picking the early blooms and having such a good time out of doors, where health and happiness were.

But the little brown leaf was not alone with the West Wind. Other leaves and seeds of wild plants, having wings to help them soar, were also carried along. Right beside the little brown leaf sailed one little seed, and as it went along it settled on the little brown leaf's back and had a fine ride. Over hill tops and valleys they went together and when the West Wind tired of its play, the two floated slowly down into a little field right near the window of a cottage. There they lay while the warm sun cheered them, the seed finding a nice bed of soft earth and the leaf a twig to lean against as it alighted from the air.

After the sun sank in the west, the chill of the night air surrounded them and the seed snuggled closer into the earth to keep warm, while the little brown leaf leaned further and further down to protect it from any cool breeze that might happen along. For several days they stayed here in the little field and one day the little seed felt new life and soon two small leaves appeared that grew very rapidly and the little brown leaf was proud to be the protector for this new plant.

One day a little girl and her mother came out of the house and saw the new plant.

"O Mamma, come here quickly! See what I have found!" And she showed her mother the new plant with its green leaves, brushing away the little brown leaf as she did so.

"I wonder how it ever came here to grow," remarked Mamma as she, too, stooped to look closer. "Let's stir up the earth around it and give its roots plenty of room."

"Yes, Mamma," said the little girl, "and we can put some more seeds in and have a little garden here. I did so wish a garden of my own this year!"

And so the little girl and her mamma stirred up the earth, gave it food and planted a lot of seeds so as to have a little garden. The little brown leaf was raked off but still it could see its seed friend, and loved to watch it grow. It was not long before other pairs of little leaves were stretching up through the soil to welcome the warm sun each day, and such care as they did get!

The little girl and her mother worked, watering the growing plants and keeping the weeds away. The little brown leaf was never noticed as it lay just beyond the boundary of the little garden until one day Mamma said:

"I think it would be nice to clear up the plot around our little garden and make the place look neater. It will not take long to do so."

The little brown leaf was troubled when it heard this, for it did so love to lie there and watch the growing plants and especially the one that sprouted from the seed that had been its companion when the West Wind gave them that wonderful ride over hills and valleys. It wondered where it would go next as the garden rake picked it up with other leaves and made a big pile.

"There!" exclaimed Mamma as the work was done, "we can have Papa burn these leaves when he comes home this afternoon."

When Papa came home that afternoon, he was pleased to see how well the plot of land looked with the garden so refreshing and the grass all cleared of leaves and sticks. Then he looked at his little daughter and said, with a smile:

"But that is not the best, Mamma, for see how our little girl has been made healthy and strong by working out of doors a little each day. That first little seed that came here did a lot of good!"

He did not know, of course, that the little brown leaf had done its share by bringing the seed to the little spot under the window of the cottage and had protected it from the chill evening winds for those first few days before it became firmly rooted and sent its leaves forth. But the little brown leaf did not care; it was happy to think that it had been able to help even that little bit. And far happier was it when the gentle West Wind again picked it up and carried it across the brook to the edge of the woods where it snuggled down under the shelter of the big friendly oak.

In the Museum

BY CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN

I like the ancient statues, and the picture-stones that show

The mighty kings and warriors who lived so long ago;

And when some gallant archer in his chariot I see,

I like to think he had at home a little boy like me.

He had a queer Assyrian name, instead of "Bob" or "Jim";

The chariot shapes that look so odd were never strange to him.

Perhaps, like me, he coaxed for rides, and told himself, "Indeed,

There's nothing like my father's car, for comfort, style and speed!"

THE BEACON

MARIE W. JOHNSON, ACTING EDITOR,
16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Take an Active Part

Spring is here! Slowly but surely the earth takes on new life. The song birds come back and the trees turn green. Nature has taken a fresh start, and, if you want to see what a remarkable change takes place by this gradual process, go up on a high hill today and look around. Then go up on that same hill a month from today, and see the difference. This is a great world. Take an active part in it!

W. F. R.

News from the Schools

From the *Indianapolis Unitarian Bulletin* we learn that out of thirteen teachers in their church school, five are representative men who are giving their time and service each Sunday for this important work. A class of girls, under the leadership of Miss Virginia Reed, presented the dramatic scene, "The Finding of the Spring," from the textbook *From Desert to Temple*, before the school on February 14.

The Junior Church of the First Parish, Lexington, Mass.,—the Senior Department of the School,—has a choir and an orchestra of five pieces made up from the students. In the Intermediate Department of the school Dr. Lawrance's "Questions on the Bible" are used as the basis for a five-minute quiz each Sunday. At the close of the hour this department gathers at the front of the vestry for a very simple but most impressive service, in which the pledge to the flag, the pledge to the church, and the Lord's Prayer are given.

The First Unitarian Church School of Detroit, Michigan, has a choir which meets for practice every Saturday and which sings at the morning service in church one Sunday each month. The envelope system for the offering is used in this school and is very popular with the children. It helps to educate them in church finance, and its use has very largely increased the offerings.

At Geneseo, Illinois, the boys' classes have been interested in sending books, clothing, and toys to a family of less fortunate children in North Carolina. The girls' classes have subscribed to *The Youth's Companion*, to be sent to the inmates of the County Home. During the holiday season the girls visited the shut-ins of the church, carrying cheer and entertainment in the form of recitations, songs and refreshments.

How Hercules Became So Strong

From the Greek Myth

By Alice Wetherall

FROM ancient Greece come many stories of brave heroes. Perhaps the greatest of all these heroes was one called Hercules.

As soon as he could talk, this little Greek lad spent all his time in learning lessons, in practicing music, or in playing games. His lessons made him wise. His music made him love beautiful things. His games made him so strong and brave that even in Greece where boys were taught to grow up strong and brave, Hercules became the strongest and bravest of them all.

Now there came a time, after years of training, when Hercules was old enough to start out on his adventures. With all fine Greek lads, starting on adventure meant doing brave and noble deeds to help the world, especially those people in trouble.

The very night before he was to start out, Hercules had a dream that he was already on his journey. He had come to a cross-road, and did not know which way to turn. On his left the road seemed to wind down a steep hill, with beautiful, green pastures on either side. The birds were singing and the sun shone gloriously. In the distance, at the bottom of the hill, Hercules could see high shining towers and many beautiful buildings. People, beautifully clad, walked to and fro, as if they had no work to do. Sounds of music drifted up from the city down below. Hercules began to think he would like a holiday down there.

Then a gaily dressed girl came up the road to him and said:

"Your life has been hard work. All is easy down below. We have a good time all day long. No one is poor. No one has to work. Come, this is the road for you."

Hercules noticed that her hair was untidy and her eyes looked really tired. But still he thought he would like a little holiday with music all the time. But first, he looked along the other road, to see where it would lead.

From the other road a girl in white was coming. As she came near him she said:

"This is the better road to take. You'll have to work hard, but you are trained for that. You may never become wealthy. You will have many trials. But you have been trained to be brave. That road downhill will never make you happy. It leads to an idle life of trifling pleasures. You could never stand that long. Come this way."

Hercules looked past the clear and happy eyes, and saw a steep and rocky road. Up, up, up it went. Neither birds nor trees nor flowers on either side.

"At the top," the girl continued, "everything is wonderful. The mountain air is pure, and it will keep you strong. These people whom you find there are people like yourself. They were brave enough to climb a hard and rocky road up hill."

Hercules decided then and there that the rocky road was the road for him. He wanted to be brave, so he must have something hard to overcome.

When he wakened from his sleep, he found that his cousin, who was king, had planned for him Twelve Mighty Labors. With all his early training, and the warning of his dream, Hercules performed these tasks without a single mistake. In doing so, he freed Greece from many evils. Then his country honored him by making him their National Hero.

Even to this day, when a boy is very, very strong and brave, we say of him, "He is as strong as Hercules."

SAINTS' REST
March 13, 1926

Dear Paul and Harriet:

Well, Dad's come home from Florida. We don't know whether he made any money down there or not — he hasn't said anything about it and Mother says she hasn't dared to ask him yet. He said that in Florida it is now just like June while up here, of course, the snow is still on the ground. Just think, it only took him less than two days to come on the train from where it is just like summer to up here where it is still very much like winter. He said that coming home he ran into a very severe thunderstorm. The passengers thought sure the train would be struck by lightning, because they could see the lightning strike different things, quite close to them. Funny isn't it, that lightning never strikes a train or a boat or an automobile? I never heard of any of those things being struck by lightning, did you?

Your loving cousins,

CHARLES AND MARJORIE

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Uncle William's Pockets

By Elsie M. Hubachek

THERE never was a man with more wonderful pockets than Uncle William. At least, that is what Alta Eleanor and McBeth thought about it. He had teeny, weeny pockets in his vest, and big pockets in his coat, and the biggest ever in his great fur overcoat. And they were never empty! Every time he came to see the children he had a surprise in one of those pockets. They never knew which one.

"Guess," he'd say, and then he would let them feel all around until they found what he had brought. And he always brought two of everything. Not one box of candy but two . . . not one bag of marbles but two, not one story book but two . . . always one for Alta Eleanor to call her own and another especially for McBeth. He did not see why twins should have to share everything.

But before he let them open his packages he always asked one question. "Well," he'd say, "have you been good children since I saw you last?" And he expected a careful answer.

Sometimes they had to admit that Alta Eleanor wouldn't finish her cereal in the morning or that McBeth wouldn't go to bed when he was told, or that . . . and I'm afraid this happened very often . . . that McBeth forgot to say "please" and "thank you."

"Dear me, dear me!" Uncle William always looked very solemn when he heard that. "I don't see how I can keep on liking little boys who don't say please and thank you often enough."

"But I mean to say it every time," pleaded McBeth, "only I . . . I forget."

Well, one day Uncle William came in with his great fur coat buttoned up tight and kept his hands in his deep pockets even when the children almost choked him with kisses.

"Careful, careful!" he said laughingly. "You'll hurt what I have in my pockets."

"Hurt?" Why Uncle William, is it alive?" McBeth tried to see; he tried very hard, but Uncle William kept his pockets closed.

"Guess!" he said.

"I know," said Alta. She was snuggling up against her Uncle's fur coat; "I can hear it purr. It's a kitten."

"Two kittens?"

"Yes, two kittens," said Uncle William and out of each big pocket he pulled the fluffiest, softest, prettiest kitten the twins had ever seen. A tiny white kitten with black spots for Alta Eleanor and a black kitten with white feet, like white fur boots, for McBeth.

"Oh, the darlings!" Alta hugged hers until it cried, and McBeth put his in his toy cart and gave it a ride.

Of course in time the fluffy little kittens began to look like grown-up cats and when Uncle William came again he brought two narrow leather collars with shiny brass knobs for trimming, the very best cat collars he could find in the city.

"And how are the cats?" he asked when he pulled the packages out of his pockets. "Are they well behaved, lovable cats, worthy of collars?"

"Oh, mine's the best kitty you ever saw, but McBeth's . . ."

"What's happened to McBeth's?"

"Nothing has happened to it," McBeth answered, "but she doesn't purr."

"Dear me, don't you treat her well?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I pet her and feed her and talk to her and I know she likes it but she just blinks her eyes and holds up her tail but never purrs."

"Sometimes, McBeth likes my kitty best."

"Well, well, well," chuckled Uncle William; "we'll have to see about that."

The collars fit perfectly, and Alta Eleanor's kitty purred her thanks when they put hers on, but McBeth's just blinked her eyes and looked very proud and never made a sound.

"Maybe we'd better take her collar away again, McBeth," suggested Uncle William.

"Oh . . . oh, no," pleaded McBeth. "I know she likes it, see how she's trying to get a look at it, see?"

"But she didn't say thank you, she didn't purr?"

"She never purrs. Even when I pet her. She forgets, I guess."

"Like some little boys?"

McBeth hung his head. "Oh, I always like things but I forget to say I do."

"And you thought it really didn't make

a bit of difference. But you can see how it is. Even you don't like your kitty as well as Alta's because she only thinks her thanks and doesn't purr them." Uncle William didn't often talk as serious as that. The twins looked at him in surprise.

And just then McBeth's kitty began to rub herself against Uncle William's fur coat. He bent down to pet her. Then he stopped.

"Why, McBeth, listen . . . listen," he said. "She's purring."

"She's saying thank you. Oh, I love her, I love her." McBeth picked her up and hugged her tight. And the surprised but still purring kitten got more petting and praise than she had ever had before.

His Majesty William Smith

(Continued from page 148)

the general of all the Bungalian armies were in Strifegrad on their way to the Royal Palace.

William thought he had never before seen such a dirty city. There were torn bits of clothing lying about on the sidewalks and in the gutters — caps and parts of coats and here and there an old shoe. At first he was puzzled, but Gigi explained that it was all owing to the great amount of fighting that had taken place, and William was glad that he had taken off his gay uniform.

They reached the Royal Palace, an immense gray stone castle surrounded with strange old trees. Gigi led the way through a huge arched gateway, and they crossed a courtyard where half a dozen men in baggy brown trousers and little yellow caps were sweeping stray bits of torn clothing into a pile.

"Must have been some desperate fighting here last night," said the general, grimly.

Up a steep flight of marble stairs the old man led his king. At the top they entered a large hall hung with rich drapings and ornamented in gilt and blue; in the centre stood a long polished table.

"This is the privy council," said Gigi. "Your Majesty had better put on his uniform now and summon the ministers. It's time they were told turtle."

William blinked. "What does that mean?" he inquired.

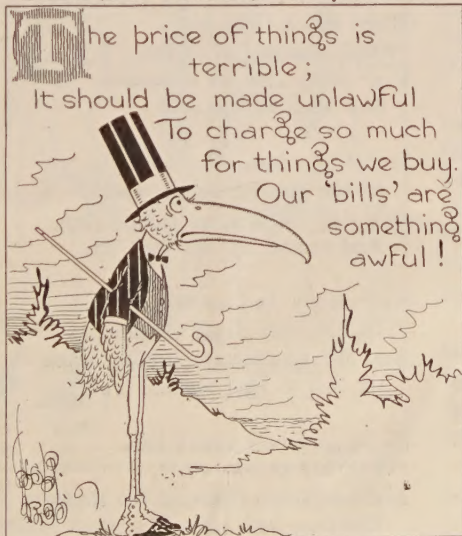
Gigi laughed. "It's just an expression. I mean it's time they were told what's what."

"Oh," said William.

He was only too glad to put on his gold and red again, but as for telling his ministers what was what, that was a matter which puzzled him. He hadn't been a king long enough to know what was what, himself. Well, he would do his best.

(To be continued)

MR. STORK'S COMPLAINT





Dear Scribblers:

Here is a long list of names of new members of our Club, and two more lists, quite as long, are waiting to be published. Too bad all the letters cannot be printed, but you see there would not be room for anything else in the paper. After the list comes a letter from one of our old-time members. Will some of our twelve-year-old girls please note that Cecelia would like to hear from them?

THE EDITOR.

New Members: Frances Reynolds (8), Andover St., Billerica, Mass.; Henry H. Terry (12), Brookfield, Mass.; Margaret Bruce (9), Eastondale, Mass.; Margaret Nickel, 234 Park St., Newton, Mass.; Robert Cushman, 7 Sheffield Road, Winchester, Mass.; Sandy Kidder, 29 Everett Avenue, Winchester, Mass.; Mildred W. Ellis (10), 2707 4th Ave., Los Angeles, California; Richard Ward (9), 7 Park St., Houlton, Maine; Sidney J. Dillon, 676 32nd St., Des Moines, Iowa.

2201 KENTUCKY ST.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

Dear Editor: Several years ago I joined The Beacon Club and received a Beacon Club pin. I am sorry to say that I have neglected to correspond with many other Beacon Club members or to even thank the editor for allowing me to be a member of the club or for sending me the pretty pin. I have continued to read *The Beacon*, however, and have become again interested. I would be very much pleased if you would send me another pin and allow me to become a member of The Beacon Club once more. I have read the lovely poems written by club members and so decided to try my luck at it. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Lawrence and am in the eighth grade at school. I am twelve years old and should like to correspond with other members of my own age.

Yours very sincerely,
CECELIA TOWNE.

99 FAIRMONT ST.,
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Dear Beacon Club: I wish to be a member. I am seven years old and I will be eight in May. I should like somebody to correspond with me.

I may send in a poem in another letter of mine.

Yours truly,
SYLVIA WINSLOW.

Dear Cubs:

The award for the best story goes, this week, to Fred E. Ramsey, Jr., of Winthrop, Mass., and the poetry award to Helen Wintersteen, of Uxbridge, Mass.

Will our young writers please remember that we cannot use, in this column, stories of more than 300 words in length? Occasionally, if a story is very good, we might publish it in two parts, in which case 600 words would be the limit.

THE EDITOR.

Bob and His Dog "Box"

BY FRED E. RAMSEY, JR.

BOB was a paper boy. One day, as he was selling papers, he saw a fruit man throw a box out of a wagon. He went over to the box, thinking there might be an apple or an orange in it. Instead he found a dog in it, — a little puppy. He brought it home and made a dog house for it. Pretty soon the dog was big enough to go with Bob selling papers every day. He carried the papers in his mouth to the people. Bob decided to name his dog "Box," on account of finding him in a box.

A year went by and Box turned out to be a big collie dog. It was in the winter and Bob was skating on the ice; he went on a weak spot and fell in. Box jumped in after him and pulled him out by his coat. Box was awarded a medal and a collar. Bob was very proud of his dog.

The Cooky Girl

BY HELEN WINTERSTEEN (AGED 11)

Mary was a little girl
And always full of fun;
Ever when she got a chance
She was on the run.

Sometimes into mischief,
In the pantry, on the shelf;
One day her father caught her
And called her his bad elf.

Now Mary had some pockets
In her little dress of blue,
And she was always stuffing them —
Or this to Dad seemed true;

So he said he'd spank her,
Put her on the shelf,
Make her stay there all the time,
His very bad, bad elf.

Enigma

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 1, 5, is a number.
My 4, 9, 10, 8, is the price of anything.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is a piece of jewelry.
My 11, 2, 1, is a seat in church.
My 6, 7, 3, 5, 14, is a fruit.
My whole is a timely message.

J. M.

Twisted Cities

1. Pmata.
2. Resvilleas.
3. Geiod Ans.
4. Jamrusleen.
5. Ior Ed Eroijan.
6. Aogitans.
7. Pochengaen.
8. Npetoitsnaoncl.
9. Ef Staba.
10. Seomow.

JAMES WHITTERS.

Hydra-Headed Words

1. I am one who does wrong; change my head, I am a meal; change it again, I am one who wins.
2. I am a noise; change my head, I am a dish; change it again, I am to compliment.
3. I am might; change my head, I am less high; change it again, I am a grass cutter; change it again, I am an arbor.
4. I am to accord; change my head, I am to hesitate; change it again, I am a girl's nickname; change it again, I am to assemble.
5. I am a fruit; change my head, I am jovial; change it again, I am a means of crossing water.
6. I am to sanctify; change my head, I am to hesitate; change it again, I am a kind of fat; change it again, I am lying waste.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 23

Enigma. — Many men, many minds.

Twisted Birds. — 1. Eagle. 2. Grebe. 3. Crane. 4. Pelican. 5. Egret. 6. Plover. 7. Bobolink. 8. Shrike. 9. Killdeer. 10. Starling. 11. Tern. 12. Blue Heron. 13. Mallard. 14. Canary.

Famous Americans. — Ford. Edison. Taft. Bryan. Pershing.